The nine Vvor-
thies of London:

EXPLAINING THE honourable exercise of Armes, the *vertues of the valiant, and the* memorable attempts of *magnanimious minds.*

PLEASANT FOR GENTLEmen, not vnseemely for Magistrates, and most profitable for Prentises.

Compiled by Richard Iohnson.

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G.STEEVENS

To the right Honourable sir William Webbe Knight, Lord Maior of the famous Citie of London, Richard Iohnson, wisheth health, with increase of honour.

BEING not altogether (right honorable) vnacquainted with the fame of this wel gouerned citie, the heade of our Englisſh floriſhing common wealth: I thought nothing (conſidering it ſomewhat touched my dutie) could be more acceptable to your Honour, then ſuch principles as firſt grounded the ſame as well by domeſticall policie of peace, as forraine excellence in reſolution of warre. This cauſed me to collect from our London gardens, ſuch eſpeciall flowers, that ſauoured as well in the wrath of Winter, as in the pride of Sommer, keeping one equiuolence at all kinde of ſeaſons. Flowers of chiualrie (right honorable I meane) ſome that haue ſucked honie frō the Bee, ſweet-

neſſe from warre, and were poſſeſſed in that high place of prudence, wherof your Lordſhip now partaketh. Other ſome that haue beene more inferiour members, and yet haue giuen eſpecial ayde to the head, beene buckler to the beſt, and therby reached to the aſpiring toppe of armes: If your Lordſhip ſhall but like of it, proceeding from the barren braine of a poore apprentice, that dare not promiſe moulhils, much leſſe mountaines, I ſhall thinke this by-exerciſe, which I vndertooke to expell idleneſſe, a worke of worth, whatſoeuer the gentle cauld kind, that are vngently inkindled, ſhall with oſtentation inueigh. Theſe (right Honorable) the *nine VVorthies of London*, now vnable to defend themſelues, ſeeke their protection vnder your gracious fauour: and the Authour pricked on by *Fame*, to be patronagde for his willing labour, whereof not miſdoubting, I humbly commit your Honour to the defence of heauen, and the guider of all iuſt equalitie:

Your L. in all humble dutie to be commaunded.

Richard Iohnſon.

To the Gentlemen Readers, as well Prentices as others.

Lis not gold (Gentlemen) that glisters, nor all drosse that makes but a darke shew: so should copper some time be currant, & pearles of no price. Aesope *for all his crutchback, had a quick wit.* Cleanthes, *though in the night he caried the water tankard, yet in the day would dispute with Philosophers. A meane man may look vpon a king, and a wren build her nest by an Egle. In the games of* Olympus, *any man might trie his strength: and when* Apelles *liued others were not forbid to paint: So gentlemen, though now a dayes many great Poets flourish (from whose eloquent workes you take both pleasure and profite) yet I trust inferiours (whose pens dare not compare with* Apollos) *shall not bee contemned or put to silence. Euery weede hath his vertue, & studious trauaile (though without skill) may manifest good will. Vouchsafe then intertainment to this new come gueſt, his simple truth shewes he is without deceyte, and his plaine speech proues, he flatters not. He can*

not boast of Art, nor claime the priuiledge of scholasticall cunning: What he sayth is not curious, being without any great præmeditation, or practise, more then his necessarie affaires would permit. If his vnpolished discourses may merit the least motion of your good liking, let the enuious fret, and the captious malice melt themselues, neither the obiection of Mechanicall, by such as are themselues diabolicall, whose vicious baseneße in a selfe conceyte presuming aboue the beſt, is in deede but the dregges and refuse of the worſt, nor the reproch of prouerbiall scoffes as (Ne sutor vltra crepidam) *shall discorage me from proceeding to inuent how further to content you. And so trusting to my fortune, and ending in my hap, neither dispairing of your censures, nor fearing what the maleuolent can inflict.*

Yours to commaund as he may.

Richard Iohnson.

A Catalogue of briefe Table, declaring *the names of these worthie men,* and when they liued.

First. SIr *William Walworth* Fishmonger, in the time of *Richard* the second.

Second. Sir *Henrie Pitchard* Vintener, in the time of *Edward* the third.

Third. Sir *William Seuenoake* Grocer, in the time of *Henrie* the fift.

Fourth. Sir *Thomas White* Marchant-tailer, in the time of Queene *Marie*.

Fift. Sir *Iohn Bonham* Mercer, in the time of *Edward* the first.

Sixt. Sir *Christopher Croker* Vintener, in the time of *Edward* the third.

Seuenth. Sir *Iohn Haukwood* Marchant-tailer, in the time of *Edward* the third.

Eight. Sir *Hugh Cauerley* Silke-weauer, in the time of *Edward* the third.

Ninth. Sir *Henrie Maleueret* Grocer, in the time of *Henrie* the fourth.

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The nine worthies of London,

explaying the honourable exercise

of Armes, the vertues of the valiant, and the *innumerable attemptes of Magnanimous* mindes.

WHat time Fame began to feather her selfe to flie, and was winged with the lasting memorie of martiall men, the Oratours ceast perswasiue Orations, the Poets neglected the pleasures of their Poems, and *Pallas* her self would haue nothing painted vpon her shield but Mottoes of *Mars*, and short emblemes in honour of noble atchiuements. Then the ashes of auncient Victors without scruple or disdaine had sepulture in rich and golden monuments: and they that reacht the height of honour by worthie déedes, had their former baseneſſe, shadowed by deserts. Fame then fearing that her honour would faint, and her armour rust (for though she fauoured all professions, yet she chiefly dignified armes) on a sodaine, mounted into the ayre, and neuer staied the swiftnesse of her flying course, vntill she pitched her feete vpon Parnassus forked toppe, whose springing Lawrels gaue shade, & shelter to her wearinesse. This was the fruitfull place where she plotted her flowrie garlands, to crown the temples of vertuous followers, and wreathes of renowme to illustrate vndaunted courages. Here likewise remained her chiefe secretaries the ix. Muses, as in a seate of most pleasure best beseeting their diuine perfections, whose necessarie aydes she alwayes craued, when occa-

sion ministred any thing worthy record: and though the wholesome freshnesse of the ayre, the greenenesse of the valleys, the comfortable odours of sundry sorts of flowers, the pride and bewtie of the trees, the harmonious layes of Nightingales & other birds, the variable delights of artificiall bowers, and the musicall murmures of Christall running fountaines, might wel haue inchaunted the roughest Cynick, or crabbedst Malecontent to cheare vp his spirits, and banish melancholy passions, yet this Goddesse pretending businesse of importance, had such a care to effect it, as that she would not be ouercome with pleasure, nor yeeld to ease, (though in reason her laborious trauell did require rest) but painfully passing vp and downe, was not moued with the one, nor maistred with the other. At last as her busie eye pried euery way, she espied a path of Violets, whose tops were pressed downe with the steps of such as had lately passed that way: by this she coniectured the Nymphes were not farre off, and therefore following the tract their féete had made vpon the flowers, she was quickly brought to the head of Hellicon, where, in an arbour of Eglantine, and damaske Rose trees, one twisted so cunningly within another, as hard it was to iudge whether nature or arte had bestowed most to the bewtifying of that bower. She found the Muses euery one seriously applying their seuerall exercises, whom when they saw (hauing saluted her with a dutifull reuerence) stoode attentiue (being well assured her comming was not without cause) what charge she would giue, or what shee would commaund to be registred. To whome Fame, to the intent they might not long bee in suspence about her sodaine approch, as well for that her businesse was impatient of delay, as to resolue their earnest expectation, spake in this maner.

You need not muse (gracious nurces of learning) at my presence in this place, because I vse not oftentimes to visit you, nor trouble your minds w̄ ambiguous imaginations concerning my purpose, since I seldome craue your further-

rance but for memorable accidents: notwithstanding, for the varietie of matter requires not alwayes one forme, and still with processe of time as mens maners change, our method alters, you shall perceyue I am not now to begin: but to reuiue what ignorance in darknes seemes to shadow, & hatefull obliuion hath almost rubbed out of the booke of honour. It is not of Kinges and mightie Potentates, but such whose vertues made them great, and whose renowne sprung not of the noblenes of their birth, but of the notable towardnesse of their well qualified mindes, aduaunced not with lofcie titles, but praysed for the triall of their heroycal truthes: of these must you indite, who though their states were but meane, yet dooth their worthie prowesse match superiours, and therefore haue I named them Worthies. Nine were they in number, their Countrie England, the Citie they liued in famous London, famous in deede for such men, and yet forgetfull to celebrate the remembrance of their names, and negligent, (I may say) in performing the like attempts, hauing for imitation such goodly presidents as these to supplie them that want, with wisedome, and with better instruction. I am determined to discourse againe what I haue often bruted, thereby to stirre vp sluggards, and to giue secure worldlings to vnderstande (who extends no further then for wealth, and whose hearts suppose a heape of coine the greatest happines) that the censure of honour ought to increase, when as by substance they arise to authoritie, and none so abiect but may be made a subiect of glorie and magnanimitie, if so thereunto they will bend their endeuours.

For performance hereof, I knowe my theame so large, and copious, as all your wits might ingenerall be imployed to dilate and expresse the same, yet onely *Clio* shall be sufficient, whome alone I make choise off, the rather because it chiefly concernes hir, and so beckning towards her with her head, made an end of her speach.

She had no sooner sayd, but all the rest as satisfied in that they desired to know, presently cast down their lookes,

that were before stedfastly fixed vpon the browes of Fame, and began to turne to their labours, which all this while by reason of her talke they had intermitted, onely *Clio* clasping vp her booke of famous hystories, and taking her golden pen in hand, rose from the seate where she sate, and leauing her sisters with due reuerẽce, was readie to follow Fame where so euer she would conduct her.

At the doore of the enterance into the Arbour, there stode a siluer chariot drawne by the force of *Pegasus*, which Fame of purpose had prouided, because *Clio* therein might the better keepe wing with her. Into the which she was no sooner mounted, but straightway as swift as the burning darres of *Iupiter*, they made their passage through the subtile ayre, vntill they soared ouer the hollow vault, through which the way leadeth down to the rule of vnder earth: there *Clio* pulled her rayne, and with a headlong fall (accoyding to her guides direction) neuer staied vntill the lusty houes of *Pegasus* did beate against the gates of Tartara, where being receyued in, they left the crooked thorny way smoking with sulpher, and neuer ceasing contagious vapours, and kept directly on the other side, which delighted their eyes with so many glorious sights, that before they knew it, they were arriued vnder the Elesian shades: where when the Goddes had remained a while, discoursing with her companion the seuerall habitations, as that of louers in sweete groues of muske she spide at last the place where Electrum growes, sweetned continually with burning baulme boughes, with which braue souldiours, and warlike cauilliers cured their ranck scarres. There did shee shake her bright immortall wings, and with the melodious noyse, and with the sweet breath was fanned frõ those Phœnix feathers she awaked nine comely knights, ỳ arme in arme vpon a greene banke, strewed with Rose buddes, had laid their conquering heads to rest in peace.

This, quoth she is the farthest end of our iourney, here must we take our stations for a whyle, and those whom thou seest eleuating their bodies from the ground, from whose

browes

browes sparkle gleames of immortall glorie, are these nine worthy Champions I told you of, whom, as by my power I haue awaked: so will I cause to speake and declare their owne fortunes, onely be thou attentiue, and set down with thy pen, what thou shalt heare them speake: and so cõming, to the first, which was a tall aged man, his haire as white as snow, vpon his backe a scarlet robe, his temples bound about with baulme, and in his hand a bright shining blade: shetouchd his lippes with her finger, and straightway his tongue began to vtter these words.

Sir William *Wallworth* Fishmonger, sometime Maior of London.

WHat I shall speake, suppose it is not vaine,
Nor thinke Ambition *tunes my sounding voyce;*
It bootes not clay to stand on glorious gayne,
An other place bereaues vs of that choyce:
For when the Pompe of earthlie pleasures gone,
Our goasts lie buried vnderneath a stone.

Nor when I liu'd carpt I at Phœbus light
My deeds did passe without comparing pride,
Who shone the least (mee thought apear'd more bright)
I wisht it secret what the world discride,
Nor would now shewe (fayre Goddesse but for thee,)
The charge beseemes an other and not mee.

To ouerpasse then how I was instaul'd
To weare the purple robe of Maiestrate,
It shall suffice I su'de not, but was calde,
Of Fortunes gifts let baser minds relate:

In such a time it was my chaunce to sway,
When riches quaild, and Vertue *wonne the day.*

In Richards *Raygne the second of that name*
Of Londons *weale Liefetenant to his Grace,*
Wallworth *was chose vnworthie of the same*
Within his hand to beare the Cities mace:
To Fishmongers the honour did redownd,
Whose brotherhood was my preferments grownd.

These were not dayes of peace but broyling warre,
Dissention *spred hir venom through the land,*
And stird the Prince and subiect to a iarre
Hated loue, Rigor dutie did withstand:
In such a tempest of vnbridled force,
As manie lost their lives without remorse.

For by a taxe the King requirde to haue,
The men of Kent *and* Essex *did rebell,*
Their first Decree concluded none to saue
But hauocke all, a heauie tale to tell:
And so when they were gatherde to a head,
Towards London *were these graceless Rebels ledd.*

What spoyle they made in Countries as they came,
How they did rob and tyrranize in pride,
The widowes cries were patterns of their shame,
And sanguin streames of infants blood beside:
For like the sea when it hath caught a breach,
So rusht these Traytors past compassions reach.

So desperate was their rage as they preuailde,
And entered the Citie by the sword,
The towre wals were mightely assayld,
And prisoner there made headlesse at a word:
Earles manner houses were by them destroyd,
The Sauoy *and S.* Iones, *by Smithfield spoyld.*

All

All men of law that fell into their hands
They left them breathlesse weltering in their blood,
Ancient records were turn'd to firebrands,
Anie had fauour sooner then the good:
So stout these cutthrotes were in their degree,
That Noblemen must serue them on their knee.

In burning and in slaughter long they toyld,
That made the King and all his traine agast,
Such rancour had their stomackes ouerboyld
They hopte to get the Soueraignitie at last:
In deede his Maiestie was young in yeares,
Which brought distresse to him and to his Peeres.

Yet with a loyall guard of bils and Bowes
Collected of our tallest men of trade,
I did protect his person from his foes,
Where there presumption trembled to inuade:
It yerkt my soule to see my Prince abusde,
In whose defence no danger I refusde.

In these extreames it was no boote to fight,
The Rebbels marched with so huge an host,
The King crau'd Parley by a noble Knight
Of sterne Wat Tiler ruler of the rost:
A countrie Boore, a goodlie proper swayne,
To put his Countrie to such wretched payne.

This Rustick scoft at first the Kings request
Yet at the last he seem'd to giue consent,
Aleaging he would come when he thought best:
T'is well (quoth he) is all their courage spent:
Ile make them on their bended knees intreat,
Or cast their bodies in a bloodie sweat.

Begirt with steele, our gownes were laid apart,
Age hindred not, though feeble were my ioynts.

T'would

T'would make a fearefull coward take a heart
When Prince oppreſt a Countries cauſe appoynts:
Who would refuſe, and death or grieuous paine
To follow him that is his Soueraygne?

The place appoynted where to meete theſe mates
(That like audatious peſſants did prepare,
As if their calling did concerne high ſtates,
With braſen lookes deuoyd of awfull care)
Wat Smithfeeld, where his Maieſty did ſtay,
An howre ere theſe Rebels fownd the way.

At laſt the leaders of that bruiſh rowt
Iacke Straw, Wat Tiler, *and a number more,*
Aproacht the place with ſuch a yelling ſhowt,
As ſeldome had the like been heard before:
The King ſpake faire, and bad them lay downe armes,
And he would pardon all their former harmes.

But as fierce Lions *are not tam'd with words,*
Nor ſauage Monſters *conquered but by force,*
So gentleneſſe vnſhethes a Traitors ſword,
And fayre perſwaſions makes the wicked worſe:
His clemencie prouoake, and not diſmaide,
Becauſe of them, they thought the King affraide.

And as a witneſſe of their inward vice
Their tongues beganne to taunt in ſawſie ſort,
Obedience *bluſht, and Honour loſt her price,*
A modeſt ſhame forbids the fowle report:
How Preſumption *made theſe Caitiſes ſwell,*
As if the Diuels did bellowſorth of Hell.

Their loathſome talke inkindle angers fire
And fretting paſſions made my ſinewes ſhake,
T'was death to me to ſee the Baſe aſpire:
Such woundes would men in deadlieſt amber wake.

Yet I refrainde, my betters were in place,
It were no maners Noble to disgrace.

But when I saw the Rebels pride encrease,
And none controll and counterchecke thier rage,
T'were seruice good (thought I) to purchase peace,
And malice of contentious brags asswage:
With this conceyt all feare had taken flight,
And I alone prest to the traitors sight.

Their multitude could not amaze my minde,
Their bloudie weapons did not make me shrinke,
True valour hath his constancie assignde,
The Eagle at the Sunne will neuer winke:
Amongst their troupes incenst with mortall hate,
I did arest Wat Tiler *on the pate.*

The stroke was giuen with so good a will,
It made the Rebell coutch vnto the earth,
His fellowes that beheld (t'is strange) were still
It mard the manor of their former mirth:
I left him not, but ere I did depart,
I stabd my dagger to his damned heart.

The rest perceiuing of their captaine slaine,
Soone terrified did cast their weapons downe,
And like to sheepe began to flie amaine,
They durst not looke on Iustice *dreadfull frowne.*
The king pursude, and we were not the last,
Till furie of the fight were ouerpast.

Thus were the mangled parts of peace recurde;
The Princes falling state by right defended;
From common weale all mischiefe quite abiurde,
With loue and dutie vertue was attended.
And for that deed that day before t'was night,
My king in guerdon dubbed me a knight.

Nor ceast he so to honour that degree.
A costly hat his highnesse likewise gaue,
That Londons *maintenance might euer be,*
A sword also he did ordaine to haue,
That should be caried still before the Maior,
Whose worth deserude succession to that chaire,

This much in age when strength of youth was spent,
Hath Walworth *by vnwonted valour gaind,*
T'was all he sought, his countrey to content.
Successe hath fortune for the iust ordaind,
And when he died, this order he began,
Lord Maiors are knights their office being done.

WOrthily had this father of his Countrie the formost place in this discourse, whose valerous attempts may be a light to all ensuing ages, to lead them in the darkenesse of all troublesome times, to the resurrection of such a constant affection as will not faulter or refuse any perill to profite his Countrey and purchase honour. Such was his desert, as euen then when good men dispaired of their safetie, and the verie pillars of the common wealth tottered: his courage redeemed the one, and vnderpropped the other: Martialists and patrones of magnanimitie, trembled at that which he beyond all expectation aduentured. Let enuie therefore retract the malice of her blistring tongue, which heretofore (and now not a litle) striueth by her contentious and ripening nature to obscure the brightnesse of their praise, and scoffe at their ingenious dispositions, whose education promiseth small: But yet when occasion hath required, haue performed more then they whose brags haue vapord to ỹ clouds. I wish the like mind, and the like loyaltie in all those that make the Citie the Nurse of their liues, and subiect of their fortunes, that London may continue still that credite to be called the great chamber of her kings, and the key of her Countreys blisse. But to proceede, Fame hauing marked the grauitie, elo-

quence,

quence, and orator-like gesture of this good knight during the continuance of his talke, was so well pleased as shee vowed to erect his stature, where in spight of al contrarious and malevolent blasts of vertues carpers, it should stande immoueable: and *Clio* that had pend his speach, grieued she had not leysure (as she desired, and he deserued) to set down his actions in better and more ample maner: for already another of the knightly crew stood vp readie to delate what Fame expected: therefore she was forced to let it somewhat rawly passe, hoping that the excellency of the matter, would excuse the rudenesse of the rime.

The next being a man whom nature had likewise bewtified with the colour and badge of wisedome and authoritie, as one on whom a greater power then Fortunes faigned deitie had bestowed, the fulnesse of worldly treasure, and heauens perfection, beganne accordingly to frame his tale.

Sir Henrie *Pitchard* Knight.

THe potter tempers not the massie golde,
A meaner substance serues his simple trade,
His workemanship consistes of slimie molde,
Where any plaine impression soone is made:
His Pitchards *haue no outward glittering pompe,*
As other mettels of a finer stampe.

Yet for your vse as wholsome as the rest,
Though their beginning be but homely found,
And sometime they are taken for the best,
If that be precious that is alwayes sound.

From gould corrupting poysons do infect,
Where earthen cups are free from all suspect.

So censure of the Pitchard *you behould,*
Whose glorie springes not of his lowlie frame,
Though he be clay he may compare with gould
His properties nere felt reproachfull shame:
For when I first drew breath vpon the earth,
My mind did beawtifie creations byrth.

I dare not sing of Mars *his bloodie scarres,*
It is a stile too high for my concept,
Yet in my youth I serued in the warres,
And followde him that made his foes entreat:
Edward *the third the* Phœnix *of his time,*
For life and prowes spotted with no crime.

From France *returnd, so well I thriu'd at home,*
As by permission of celestiall grace,
I rose by that men termd blind Fortunes *dome*
To such a loftie dignitie of place:
As by election then it did appeare,
I was Lord Maior of London *for a yeare.*

I vsde not my promotion with disdaine,
Nor suffred heapes of coyne to fret with rust,
I knew the ende of such a noble gaine,
And saw that riches were not giuen for lust:
But for relieue and comfort of the poore,
Against the straunger not to shut my doore.

I could repeate perhaps some liberall deedes,
But that I feare vaine-glories bitter checke,
His plenties want, his harueſt is but weedes,
That doth in wordes his proper goodnesse decke:
It shall suffice he hath them in recorde,
That keepes in store his stewards iust reward.

Yet for aduauncement of faire Londons fame,
I will omit one principall regarde,
That such as heare may imitate the same,
When auarice by bountie shall be barde:
Rich men should thinke of honour more then pelfe,
I liu'd as well for others as my selfe.

When Edward triumpht for his victories,
And helde three crownes within his conquering hand,
He brought rich Trophies from his enemies,
That were erected in this happie land:
We all reioyc'd and gaue our God the praise,
That was the authour of those fortunate dayes.

And as from Douer with the prince his sonne,
The King of Cypres, France, and Scots did passe,
All captiue prisoners to this mightie one,
Fiue thousand men, and I the leader was,
All well preparde, as to defend a fort,
Went foorth to welcome him in martiall sort.

The riches of our armour, and the cost,
Each one bestowd in honour of that day,
Were here to be expreſt but labour lost,
Silke coates and chaines of golde bare little sway:
And thus we marcht accepted of our King,
To whom our comming seemd a gracious thing.

But when the Citie peard within our sights,
I crau'd a boune submisse vpon my knee,
To haue his Grace, those Kings, with Earles and knights,
A day or two to banquet it with me:
The king admirde, yet thankefully replide,
Vnto thy house both I and these will ride.

Glad was I that so I did preuaile,
My heart reuiud, my parts (me thought) were yonng,

For cheare and sumptuous cost no coine did faile,
And he that talkt of sparing did me wrong:
Thus at my proper charge I did retaine
Foure kings, one prince, and all their royall traine.

Yet lo this pompe did vanish in an houre,
There is no trusting to a broken staffe,
Mans carefull life doth wither like a flower,
The destenies do stroy what we do graffe:
For all his might, my gold wherewith I pleasde,
Death tooke vs both and would not be appeasde.

Of all there now remaines no more but this,
What vertue got by toyling labours paine,
To shrine our spotlesse soules in heauenlie blisse,
Till to our bodies they returne againe.
What else we find is vaine and worthlesse drosse,
And greatest getting but the greatest losse.

After that *Clio* had writ what this famous knight had tolde, shee no little wondred at his modest audacitie. Therefore she sayde this to Fame, Renowmed Goddesse enemie to the fatall sisters, and onely friend to the good deseruers: it were beseeming thy excellencie to procéede altogither with the honourable acts of these memorable men, and onely touch their vertuous endeuours, whereunto the Goddesse condiscended: and seeing another lift vp his head, as if he were desirous to speake: Fame heartned him on with smiling countenance to say as followeth.

Sir

Sir William *Seuenoake.*

My harmeleſſe byrth miſſortune quite contemd,
And from my pappe did make my youth a pray,
So ſcarcely budd, my branches were vnſtemd;
My byrth howre was Deathes blacke and gloomie day:
Had not the higheſt ſtretched forth his might
The breake of day had beene the darkeſt night.

Some Monſter that did enie Natures worke
(When I was borne in Kent*) did caſt me foorth*
In deſert wildes, where though no Beaſt did lurke
To ſpoyle that life, the Heauens made for woorth:
Vnder ſeauen Oakes yet miſchiefe flung me downe,
Where I was found and brought vnto a towne.

Behold an ebbe that neuer thought to flowe,
Behold a fall vnlikelie to recouer,
Behold a ſhrub, a weed, that grew full lowe,
Behold a wren that neuer thought to houer:
Behould yet how the higheſt can commaund,
And make a ſand foundation firmelie ſtand.

For when my infants time induſte more yeares
After ſome education in the ſchoole,
And ſome diſcretion in my ſelfe appeares
With labor to be taught with manuall toole:
To learne to liue, to London *thus being found,*
Apprentiſe to a Groſer *I was bound.*

To pleaſe the heneſt care my maſter tooke,
I did refuſe no toyle nor drudging payne,

My handes no labor euer yet forsooke
Whereby I might encreaſe my maſters gayne:
Thus Seuenoake *liud (for ſo they cald my name,)*
Till Heauen did place mee in a better frame.

In time my prentiſe yeares were quite expirde,
And then Bellona *in my homelie breſt,*
My Countries honour with her flames had firde,
And for a Souldior made my fortune preſt:
Henry the fift my King did warre with France,
Then I with him his right to readuance.

There did couragious men with loue compare
And ſtriue by armes to get their Prince renowne,
There ſillie I like thirſtie ſoule did fare
To drinke their fill, would venter for to drowne:
Then did the height of my inhaunſt deſire,
Graunt me a little leaſure to aſpire.

The Dolphyne *then of* Fraunce *a comelie Knight,*
Diſguiſed, came by chaunee into a place,
Where I well wearied with the heate of fight,
Had layd me downe (for warre had ceaſt his chace)
And with reproachfull words, as layzie ſwaine,
He did ſalute me ere I long had layne.

I knowing that he was mine enemie
A bragging French-man (for we tearmd them ſo,
Ill brookt the proud diſgrace he gaue to me,
And therefore lent the Dolphyne *ſuch a blow:*
As warmd his courage well to lay about,
Till he was breathleſſe (though he were ſo ſtout.)

At laſt the noble Prince did aske my name,
My birth, my calling, and my fortunes paſt,
With admiration he did heare the ſame,
And ſo a bagge of crownes to me he caſt:

And when he went away he ſaide to mee,
Seauenoake *be prowd the* Dolphyn *fought with thee.*

When Engliſh *had obtainde the victorie,*
We croſſed backe the grudging ſeas againe,
Where all my friends ſuppoſed warre to be
For vice and follie, virtues onelie bane:
But ſee the ſimple how they are deceaude,
To iudge that honour, Honour hath bereaud.

For when my Souldiors fame was laid aſide,
To be a Grocer once againe I framde,
And he which rules aboue my ſteps did guide,
That through his wealth Seuenoake *in time was famde*
To be Lord Maior of London by degree,
Where iuſtice made me ſway with equitie.

Gray haires made period vnto honours call,
And froſtie death had furrowed in my face,
Colde Winter gaſhes, and to Sommers fall,
And fainting nature left my mortall place:
For with the date of fleſh my life decayde,
And Seuenoake *dide: (for euery flower muſt fade.)*

By Teſtament in Kent *I built a towne,*
And briefly calde it Seuenoake, *from my name,*
A free ſchoole to ſweete learning, to renowne
I placde for thoſe that playde at honours game:
Both land and liuing to that towne I gaue,
Before I tooke poſſeſſion of my graue.

Thither I bare my fleſh, but leaue my fame,
To be a preſident for London *wights,*
And you that now beholde faire Vertues *maime,*
Thinke he is happie for his Countrey fights,
For, for my guerdon to this pleaſant field,
My carkas did my dying ſpirit yeeld.

By that time this famous man had thus ennobled his name by telling his nature, the pitifull and louely Muſe had delated at large his eternall honour, hauing in no part beene nigardly of his prodigall prayſe: but Fame diſmilling him to his former reſt, hard by a ſtill ſiluer ſtreame that beate warbling Ecchoes into the vaultie bankes, whereas deceaſſed Sea-nymphes vſe to ſport, preſſing his manlike paulme vpon the ground, hee bent his comely bodie to the earth: where not as poſſeſſed with heauineſſe, but with Paradice-like ioy he ſafely and ſweétly repoſed his comely limbes: like as the wonted Martialiſts of former memorie were accuſtomed to doe, when returning from hot encountred broyles, they vnbuckled their ſteeld encloſures to enioy the freſh and delightſome breath of peace. There they ꝑ wonted to be of *Pans* muſical Parliament, fayre Foreſters and carrolling ſhéepheards, delighted, and almoſt inchaunted with this Champions ſtorie, thought to preſent him with ſome ſhort recreation, therefore vpon a buſh of Iuniper brambles where *Philomelie* had ſet her ſpeckled breaſt, they all at once did beate with ſiluer wings: then from this ſwéete ſauouring thicket rowſed the tripping Deare, and after them the nimble footed Fawne, wreſtling together, once ouertaken with pleaſing and delectable ſport, rubbing their horned browes vpon their ſweete twined bowers, this did they do in fauour of his birth, being cõmitted to their gouernments before his mothers milke had made him blithe.

This paſtime put the famous *Seuenoake* in minde of his beginning, how Nature firſt had inniciated her worke in miſerie, and ended it in miracles, not arguing herein her vnconſtant kinde, but her prouident foreſight to withſtand the miſchiefe of all miſfortunes: and whileſt Fame with her admiring Muſe was buſied in poſing the reſt, this meritorious man did pleaſe himſelfe with this Poem.

WHere Fortune *had her birth the Sunne ſate downe,*
Yet gaue no liuing glorie to the childe,

She grew and gaue the God a golden crowne,
It pleased him not, for he was euer milde:
Yet drew she disposition from his throne,
That without her no wight can moue alone.

Then he betooke him to his former meditation, from whom he was first awaked: when another knight of that aduaunced crew, was by Fame assigned to speake, called sir *Thomas White*, the Goddesse cleaped him, who lifting vp his aged limmes, yet not decayed, sayd as followeth.

Sir Thomas *White*.

WHyte *is my name, and milke white are my haires,*
White *were my deedes, though vaine is proper praise,*
White for my countrie were my kind affayres,
White was the rule that measurd all my dayes:
Yet blacke the mould that coutcht me in my graue,
By which more pure my present state I haue.

I cannot sing of armes and blood-red warres,
Nor was my colour mixt with Mars *his hew:*
I honour those that ended Cõuntrey iarres,
For therein subiects shew that they are trew.
But priuatly at home I shewde my selfe,
To be no louer of vaine worldly pelfe.

My deedes haue tongues to speake though I surcease,
My Orator the learned strine to bee,
Because I twined paulmes in time of peace,
And gaue such gifts that made faire learning free:
My care did build them bowers of sweete content,
Where many wise their golden time haue spent.

A noyse of gratefull thankes within mine eares,
Descending from their studies (glads my heart)
That I began to wish with priuate teares,
There liued more that were of White *desert:*
But now I looke and spie that time is balde,
And Vertue *comes not, being seldome calde.*

But sith I am awaked not to waile,
But to vnfolde to Fame *my former life.*
I must on forward with my single tale,
For sorrow will but breake the heart with strife,
White *is no warriour (as I sayd before,)*
Nor entred euer into dawngers doore.

The English Cities and incorporate townes,
Doe beare me witnesse of my Countreys care,
Where yearely I doe feede the poore with crownes,
For I was neuer niggard yet to spare,
And all chiefe Burrowes of this blessed land,
Haue somewhat tasted of my liberall hand.

He that did lend to me the grace of wealth,
Did not bestow it for to choake with store,
But to maintaine the needie poore in health,
By which expence my wealth encreased more,
The oyle of gladnesse euer chear'd my hart,
Why should I not then pitie others smart.

Lord Maior of London *I was cal'd to bee,*
And Iustice *ballance bare with vpright hand:*
I iudg'd all causes right in each degree,
I neuer partiall in the law did stand:
But as my name was White, *so did I striue,*
To make my deedes whileſt yet I was aliue.

But my prefixed fate had twinde my thread,
And White *it was, and therefore best she likt it,*

She set her web within a loome of lead,
And with her baulme of grace she sweetly dight it:
And with consent her sisters gaue this grace,
That White *should keepe his colour in this place.*

When this aged knight had peaceably (obseruing *decorum* with his passed state) tolde his plaine and vnpolished tale, in all points like himselfe, clothed with the fashion of his minde, vpon a bed of Lillies hee layde him downe, whose colour answerable to his snowie beard, made them take especiall delight in the simpathie of their qualitie. Then sayde *Clio*, thou faire and swift foote Goddesse, winged with the Doue, and eyed with the Eagle, let me bee boldned (with thy fauour) to demaunde one question, which of all this noble companie, shall next dilate his life. Sweete Muse (quoth Fame) this knight, pointing to sir *Iohn Bonham*, sometimes apprentice to a Marchant in London. Your deitie, sayde *Clio* then (vnder correction) will mistake the placing. For this gallant liued in England in the time of *Edward* the first, & we are alreadie come downe so farre as Queene *Marie*. Therein, sayde Fame, wee doe preferre their age, and the honour of their calling, before the obseruation of time which derogates from no other course then that which sometimes our Poets haue vsed, placing euer the worthiest formost, as to induce the rest by example, not to be starke for want of courage. Therefore it shall not be vncomly or preposterous when the yonger knights shall speake after those that bare the honour of the Maioraltie.

This excuse wel contented the labouring Muse, who framing her golden pen in her fingers, fixed it ready to her memoriall leaues, whilest Fame did rouse this worthie from his rest. A man of stature meane, in countenance milde, in speach man-like, and in performance couragious: his beard *Abron*, and his bodie bigge, and thus he began, when Fame had giuen him *caueat* to speake.

Sir Iohn *Bonham* knight.

LEt them that pull their quils from Griffons wings,
And dippe them in the bloud of Pagans bane,
Let them describe me from the breſt that ſings,
A Poem of bloudie ſhowers of raigne:
And in my tale a mournefull Eleagie,
To ſuch as do the lawes of God denie.

A gentleman I am of gentle blood,
A Knight my Father was, yet thought no ſcorne
To place his ſonne within a prentiſe hood,
For nature will appeare as ſhe was borne:
A Deuonſhire man to London loe I came,
To learne to traffique of a Marchant man.

Shortelie from thence to Denmarke was I bound,
Well ſhipt with ware my maſter gaue in charge,
I deemd the water better then the ground,
And on the ſeas a man might ſee at large:
Me thought that Fortune there might ſlie her fill,
And pitch and light vpon what place ſhe will.

Ariud at laſt, in Denmarke was I ſett,
Where Bonham did demeane himſelfe ſo well,
That though ſome ſtrangers there had pitcht a nett
To catch my feete, themſelues therein ſoone fell:
And ſuch diſhonour dropt vpon their head,
As they their native Countrie quicklie fled.

My worthleſſe Fame vnto the King was brought,
Who ſhewd himſelfe both mild and debonare,

A cause of gracious kindnes still he sought,
And for my Countrey did commend my care:
And though I say it, that might better cease,
Bonham *did purchase fame, and loues encrease.*

A vertuous Ladie, and a curteous prince,
This famous king vnto his daughter had,
Hir countenance did the baser sort conuince,
Yet did she bare her gently to bad:
Such was her beautie, such was her grace and fauour,
That watchfull Enuy *no way could depraue her.*

Excepting still the praise of Proserpine,
I may a little glance vpon her grace,
The words shee spake did euer seeme diuine,
And Nature chose her alters in her face:
Where in the day her golden flames do burne,
And they that gaze shall frie except they turne.

There bodies once consum'd, loue tooke their soules,
And there satte binding them within her haire,
She neede not frowne, her smoothest lookes controles,
See how shee slayes, yet dooth the guiltlesse spare:
Guiltlesse they are that dare not stay so long,
To heare the musick of inchaunting song.

Should I but speake the words vnto her face,
Perhaps you would suppose I flatter her,
If so I haue too long vpheld the chace,
And negligentlie spard the pricking spurre:
In whose sweete praise I end not yet begunne,
Because my lame conceipt wants feete to runne.

Who will not iudge the braueſt Denmarke *Knights,*
Will cracke their Lances in her proud defence,
And now by this a troope of worthie wights
Prepared Iustes, her beawtie to incence:

And

And vnto me vnworthie me she gaue,
A fauour to adorne my courage braue.

I know your ielousie will iudge me nowe,
And say I prais'd her for her fauours sake,
Alas he lookes not vp, is bound to bowe,
A Ceader *neuer springeth from a* Brake:
It pleasd her well, age not displeased mee,
Why then should Enuie *still with Honour bee.*

They that haue guiders cannot chuse but runne,
Their Mistresse eyes doe learne them Chiualrie,
With those commaunds these Turneys are begunne,
And shiuerd Launces in the ayre do flie:
No more but this, there Bonham *had the best,*
Yet list I not to vaunt how I was blest.

Each Knight had fauour bound to his desart,
And euerie Ladie lent her loue a smile,
There boldly did I not my selfe insert,
Nor secret practise did my pride compile:
But of her selfe the gentle Princesse gaue
Reward of Honour vnto me her slaue.

In fine my Masters shippe with goods were fraught,
And I desirous to returne agayne,
For all the fauours that my Fortune *wrought,*
Vnto my Masters businesse was no mayne:
But so occasion trusty friend to time,
Prepard me steps, and made mee way to clime.

Great Solimon *the Turkish* Emperor,
Made sodaine warres against the Danish *King,*
And most vnlike a noble Emperour
Did spoyle and ruine to his confines bring:
A thing vnlike, yet truth to witnesse call,
And you shall finde hee made mee Generall.

A puissant armie then was leuied straight,
And skilfull pilats sent to guide my ship,
Imagin but a Christians deadly hate,
Against the heathen that our blood doth sip:
Then thinke how Bonham *bent against the Turke,*
Wrought wonders by the high almightie worke.

Halfe of his armie smouldred with the dust,
Lay slaughtred on the earth in gorie blood,
And he himselfe compeld to quell his lust,
By composition for his peoples good:
Then at a parlie he admirde me so,
He made me knight, and let his armie go.

He gaue me costly robes, and chaines of golde,
And garded with his Gallies sent me backe:
For Fame *vnto the* Danish *King had tolde,*
My gotten glorie, and the Turkish wracke:
He gaue me gifts in guerdon of my fight,
And sent me into England *like a knight.*

How I was welcomd there t'were vaine to tell,
For shortly after life had runne his race,
And hither was I summoned to dwell,
My other fellow Worthies *to embrace:*
Thus gently borne, a Marchant by my trade,
And in the field Bonham *a knight was made.*

CLio with the straungenesse of this report, was wrapt so much into admiration (both in respect of his feature, fortune and faire tongue) as she seemed cast into a traunce, neuer remooving her eyes from of his youthfull face, till Fame perceiuing her deepe cogitations, put her forth of her dumps, by asking her why she pawsed so long, her chast eyes (it appeared) hauing all this while seene no other but such, whose countenance resembled winters frosts, began now with the chearefull heate of this flowring spring, to

ware warme with secrete working of some amorous passion to excuse with suspition (for it stoode with her credite not to bée faultie in any such idle toy) shee answered, it was not the inticement of any misbeseeming phantasie that allured her to that sodaine silence, but onelie a kinde of conceyte shee fostered, howe it coulde be possible that the Turke being a man of nature barbarous and cruell, and especially towardes Christians) should nowe bee so much mollifyed, and brought from his wonted fiercenesse, to fauour and honour one, whome by by nature hee loathed and detested. For what though *Bonhams* valour had gotten that aduantage, as by reason and law of armes he might inforce the Turke confesse, the safegarde of his life depended on his clemencie, yet since the brutishnesse of that nature esteemeth of vertue but to serue their owne lust and profite, I sée no argument of likelihoode, why the Turke hauing his aduersarie in his Court, that a little before had made him bowe, not with gentle perswasions, bue with downe-right strokes, should not rather bée incensed to cutte off his head, then doe him the least good in the world: so seuere is the regarde of honour, as rather then it will be bybrayded with disgrace (though that disgrace were cause of many incomparable pleasures) no hatefull, vnnaturall, or vngratefull practise shall be attempted, til the eyesore of their grudging heart be remoued, and Princes if they cannot beare words, much lesse will put vp wounds, and that was it (quoth she) that troubled my serious Muse.]

At these wordes Fame began to frowne, her pacience was prouoked, that one so well instructed in the knowledge of such matters as shée was (her whole studie consisting of nothing else but of ciuill discipline) should make a doubt in so slender a contrarietie, yet to cutte off further protraction of time, shee replyed her this resolution: that shee was sure shée could not be ignoraunt, howe that it was the affect of vertue that wrought such an alteration in the Turke, which, as it is diuine, descended from

the Goddes: so it worketh beyonde the expectation of men. And for proofe thereof, alreadie sundrie authorities were alledged, as that of *Dyonisius* whose murtherous minde coulde not but reuerence *Plato*, although hee continually inueighed bitterly agaynst his tyrannie, and that of *Alexander*, who loued *Darius* for his fortitude, although hee was his enemie. Therefore it ought not seeme miraculous vnto her, when vsually such accidents, as those followe Vertues fauourites: But (quoth she) I rather thinke you were amazed to heare such rare exploits proceede from a Prentice, and one of no more experience: but let not that seeme straunge, hee spake no more then truth, nor all that might be sayd concerning his hawghtie endeuours: the other foure whom you see on his left hand, will (if you seeme incredulous) confirme a possibilitie in his speaches: they are of the like condition and qualitie as he was, prentices that purchased estimation by the swoorde. *Clio* blushed that shee had beene so inquisitiue: but as it may be coniectured, it was not so much for her owne satisfaction, as to take away hereafter all controuersie, and needlesse cauillation as might concurre by the curious view of such as shoulde fortune to haue the reading of her lines. By this sir *Iohn Bonham* had coucht himselfe againe in the bedde of his secure rest, when another gay knight, sterne in his lookes, and strong set in his limmes, carying in his browes the picture of *Mars*, and in his maners the maiestie of a Prince, with a lowe salutation made himselfe knowne by this briefe oration.

Sir Christopher *Croker* knight of *London* Vintner.

IT is not birth that makes a man renownde,
Nor treasures store that purchaseth our fame,

Bigge words are but an emptie vessels sound,
And death is better then a life with shame.
This proueth Croker *in his trauailes made,*
Of London *once a Vintner by his trade.*

In Gracious-streete *there was I bound to serue,*
My masters name hight Stodie *in his time,*
From whom in dutie I did neuer swarue,
Nor was corrupted with detested crime:
My education taught me so to liue,
As by my paines my maisters purse might thriue.

My fellow seruants lou'd me with their hearts;
My friends reioyc'd to see me prosper so,
And kind Doll Stodie *(though for small deserts)*
On me vouchsaft affection to bestow:
Whose constancie was such that for her sake,
No toyle was grieuous I did vndertake.

Such was my state as I my selfe could wish,
Deuoid of care, not toucht with egre want,
My sleepe secure, my foode choise bewties dish,
Onely in this my pleasure seemed scant,
That I vnable was her state to raise,
That was the lengthner of my happie dayes.

Whilst thus I was perplexed with that thought,
Behold how Fortune *fauourde my desire,*
Of soaine warres the ioyfull newes was brought,
And Edward *ayde of Sauldiors did require,*
Amongst the rest it fell vnto my chaunce,
That I was prest to follow him to Fraunce.

My master would haue sewd for my discharge,
His daughter with her teares gan me assaile,
On euery side they prayd and promist large,
But nothing could in that respect preuaile:

Such thirſt of honour ſpurd my courage on,
I would to warres although I went alone.

My forwardneſſe perceyu'd, my valour knowne,
Ouer a band of Souldiors I was chiefe,
Then ſproute the ſeedes that were but lately ſowne,
My longing ſoule had quickly found reliefe:
I ſparde no coſt, nor ſhrunke for any paine,
Becauſe I ment my Loue ſhould reape the gaine.

To proue my faith vnto my Countries ſtay,
And that a prentice (though but ſmall eſteemd,)
Vnto the ſtouteſt neuer giueth way,
If credite may by triall be redeemd:
At Burdeaux *ſiege when other came too late,*
I was the firſt made entrance through the gate.

And when Don Peter *driuen out of Spaine,*
By an vſurping Baſtard of his line,
He crau'd ſome helpe his crowne to reobtaine,
That in his former glorie he might ſhine:
Our king ten thouſand ſeuerd from his hoſt,
My ſelfe was one, I ſpeake it not in boaſt.

With theſe Don Peter *put the Baſtard downe,*
Each Citie yeelded at our firſt approch,
It was not long ere he had got the crowne,
And taught his wicked brother to encroch:
In theſe affaires ſo well I ſhewd my might,
That for my labour I was made a knight.

Thus labour neuer looſeth his reward,
And he that ſeekes for honour ſure ſhall ſpeed,
What crauen mind was euer in regard?
Or where conſiſteth manhood but in deed?
I ſpeake it that confirmd it by my life,
And in the end Doll Stodie *was my wife.*

THis Worthie hauing finished his taske sette downe by Fame, to confirme the order of his first honour, reposed himselfe amongst the rest, where he found a sweete murmuring of priuate and secrete conference what had passed by the seuerall annotations of euerie ones prayse, where they beganne (contemning the order of enuie) to colaude the endeuours of one anothers actions, none particularly arrogating in arrogancie the prayse of himselfe, to him that did most, they gaue most applause, and so sweetly concorded in simpathie, that all the Elesian harmonie might haue liberally commended their conditions: the hushing riuers were caulme without murmur or contempt: the leaues stood still to admire these famous enterprises, and excellent atchieuements: the windes bound themselues vp in the contentation of voluntarie stilnesse, that they might be at libertie to hearken to these meritorious men, and yeelded them praise condescending to their paines. The Goddesse of darknesse (for enuie approched not the place, so that it was by that meanes continually day) whereby the Sunne was euer glorious in the pride of his height without grudging or any shew of declining: the bright shining of whose alluring countenance inticed another vp, called sir *Iohn Haukwood*, or sir *Iohn Sharpe*, from the Italians, *Iohn Acuto*, and from thence indéd he brought backe into England both his name and his nobleneſse. The pictures of his renowne, for as an emblem of endlesse honour, the Venecians wrought vnderneath his stature, set vp in the citie, *Giouanno Acuto Caualiero*. This *Iohn Haukwood* knight, he liued likewise in the time of *Edward* the third, that Prince of famous memorie: when he plesantly looked about him, being a man of a most couragious countenance, and an ingenious nature, thus he beganne to speake, as who should say he had wrong to be deferred so long.

Sir

Sir Iohn *Haukwood* knight.

WHo knowes my ofspring, doth not know my prime,
Who knowes my birth, perhaps will ſcorne my deedes,
My valour makes my vertue more then ſlime,
For that ſurmiues though I weare deaths pale weedes:
Ground doth conſume the carkas vnto duſt,
Yet cannot make the valiants armour ruſt.

After that eightzene yeares had toucht my head.
Being a Printice boy in Lumbard ſtreete,
A Taylor by my trade, and I had lead
A few wilde yeares for ſtriplings farre vnmeete:
A Souldior I was preſt to ſerue in Fraunce,
The Prince of Wales mine honour to inhaunce.

I ſerude as priuate ſouldiour for a while,
Till courage made me greedie of renowme,
And cauſde me giue a nobleman the foile,
That though with ſturdie Launce did beare me downe,
On foot that day my ſelfe did keepe in chace,
Some worthie knights that feard to ſhew their face.

That day the Prince of Wales ſurnamde the blacke,
Did mount me on a gallant Engliſh ſteed.
Where I beſtirde me ſo vpon his backe,
That none incountred me that did not bleed,
It was not I, nor Fortune, nor my fate,
His hand it was that ſeldome helpes to late.

His be the honour then, and his the prayſe,
Yet haue I leaue to ſpeake what Haukwood did,
When noble Edward had diſperſt the rayes,
And by his prowes of the French was rid.

Three

Three more then I (my selfe did make the fourth)
The gentle Princes then dubd knights of worth.

His knights he tearmd vs still amongst the rest,
And gaue vs honour fitting our estate,
For England *to be bound it seemd him best,*
Because the French *had swallowed* Edwards *baite:*
I tooke my leaue, and begged on my knee,
That I might wander other parts to see.

The Prince inkindled with my honours heate,
Discharging me, bestowde on me a chaine,
For still fresh courage on my heart did beate,
Which made me loue and womens acts refraine:
Hearing the Duke of Millaine *was distrest,*
To Italie *my voyage then was prest.*

The Seas I quickly past, and came to shore,
With me were fifteene hundred English-men,
We marcht to Millaine *walles, where we had more*
Of other nations to conioyne with them.
There did the Italians tearme me Iohn Acute,
Because I had their foes in such pursute.

Castels and towers I had for my reward,
And got enough to pay my men withall:
But I to hired pay had no regarde,
That prickt me on which climbs the highest wall,
Honour *and* Fame, *whereof they gaue me store,*
Which made me more audacious then before.

Millaine *thus peac'd, the Pope oppressed* Spaine,
Then thither was I sent to quell his pride:
Which being done I did returne againe,
And stoopt with age, in Padua *Palace dide:*
And he that yet will heare of Iohn Acute,
In Millaine *shall not find the people mute.*

All warres you see do ende as well as peace,
And then remaineth but a tumbe of dust,
A voyce of Fame, *a blacke and mourning hearce,*
To what then may we like this worldly lust:
It is an euill vapouring smoke that fumes,
Breaths in the braine, and so the life consumes.

When sir *Iohn Haukwood* had boldly presumed by Fames authoritie to speake, he layde him downe like one that wreaked no guerdon for this grace, but as if Nature brought him forth of dutie to performe these deedes. So ought euery martiall minde imagine, that he is borne for his Countrey, as the custome of the ancient and famous Romains was in all their actions, to studie to redounde the honour of their déedes to their Countrey. If this were ambition and pride, it would be laid flat in the dust, magnanimitie extolled to the highest tip of dignitie, and such a sweet concord and vnitie amongst men, that he would be counted most happie that liued longest, for the profite of his friend: when sir *Iohn Haukwood* of this perfection of minde had layde him downe againe, another of the same stampe called sir *Hugh Caluerley*, as little ambitious as his fellowe, and as resolute in euerie degrée, arose, looking about him, being ignorant what to doe: but Fame iogging him on the elbowe soone awaked him from his maze, whose suppose was his desert, which made him couet to bee obscurde. Therefore the Goddesse was faine to animate him on further, before he would be perswaded to speake. Gentle he was and full of humanitie, insomuch that hee might haue wunne all the powers of that place to admire the baseneſſe of his profession being a weauer. But they that haue honour harbouring in their breasts, cannot but giue him the right of his due, except the traine of enuie set vpon the traine of honour, as commonly it doth, if it do see he shal speake for himselfe, and appeale to the most precise, whose wits being more busie then beautified with moral maners, thrust boldly, yet ignorantly vpon the well trained sort, ap-

ptoching famous perſwaſion he began as ſodainly as hee aroſe ſodainly, as if now life had newly reuiued, began to breath this gentle breath from out his mouth.

Sir Hugh *Caluerey* knight.

WHo feares to ſwim a riuer dreads the ſea,
But he that's beſt reſolu'd dare venture both,
The greateſt lumpe doth not the greateſt die,
Baſe mettals to compare with golde are loth:
And why my quiet wit refraines to ſpeake,
Is this becauſe the talleſt ſhip may leake.

In England *late yong* Cauerley *did liue,*
Silke-weauers honour merited by deedes,
In forraine broyles continually I ſtriue
Of laſting memorie to ſow the ſeedes:
As by experience they in Poland *may*
Expreſſe my Engliſh valour euery way.

After my Princes ſeruice done in France,
I was entreated to the Poliſh *King,*
Where as the Frizeland *horſe doth breake the launce,*
And tameleſſe beaſts a valiant race doth bring:
There Maximilian *hunted with his Lords,*
Entangling mankind Beares in toyling cords.

There did I bring a Boare vnto the bay,
That ſpoyld the pleaſant fields of Polonie,
And ere the morning parted with her gray
The foming beaſt as dead as clay did lie:
The Ladies cheekes lookt red with chearefull blood,
And I was much commended for that good.

Some

Some ſayd I looked like Olympian Ioue,
When as he crackt in two the Centaurs *bow,*
As ſwiftly footed as the God of Loue,
Or greene Syluanus *when he chaſt the Roe:*
They brought me crownes of Lawrell wreathd with gold,
The ſweet and daintieſt tongues my prayſes told.

Theſe fauours fronted me with courage frowne,
That like the yong Alcides *I did looke;*
When he did lay the greedie Lion downe.
No beaſt appeard when I the woodes forſooke,
So that the King ſuppoſd I was ſome wight,
Ordaind by heauen to expell their flight.

In ſcarlet and in purple was I clad,
And golden buskins put vpon my feete,
A casket of the richeſt pearles I had,
And euery Noble gently did me greete.
So with the King I rode vnto the court,
Where for to ſee me many did reſort.

At Iuſtes I euer was the formoſt man,
In field ſtill forward, Fame *can witneſſe it,*
And Cauerley *at tilt yet neuer ran,*
But foming Steed ſo champed on the bit:
But ſtill my horſe his maſters valour ſhewd,
When through my Beavir I with heat had blood.

Yet men of armes, of wit, and greateſt skill,
Muſt die at laſt when deaths pale ſiſters pleaſe,
But then for honour Fame *remaineth ſtill,*
When dead delights in graue ſhall find their eaſe:
Ye long to know the truth in Fraunce *I dide,*
When from the valiant Polands *I did ride.*

Now honour let me lay me downe againe,
And on thy pillow reſt my wearie head,

My passed prayse commaunds my soule remaine,
Wherein these rosie bowers, with sweet dew fed:
Though I was valiant, yet my guiltlesse blood,
In crueltie of warre I neuer stood.

THus this aduenturous Martialist hauing exprest the zeale of his conscience towards his Countrey, the toyle and labour hee sustained to better the credite of his first calling, and the perils he waded through to patronage the ancient name of Citizens, he reposed himselfe againe downe by the sides of his noble warre-fellowes.

Thus Fame and *Clio* (the one hauing marked his amiable partes and knightly gesture, the other delineated with her pen the eloquence of his oratour-like Oration) questioning togither some fewe poynts, concerning the force of valour, & the vertuous inclination of many obscure persons, that although they lie sepultured (as it were) without regarde, yet if opportunitie fitte them to reuiue their courage, will (like the Diamond racked out of clay) excell, or at least compare with the brightnesse of glories. Rarest iewels concluded that there was no perition but by vertue, no climbing to honour but by Fortitude, and none base, abiect and ignoble but the vicious, slouthfull, & faintharted milke-sops. They were not wearyed, nor seemed these former knights tales tedious vnto them, although many would thinke it a paine to bee tied to the hearing of so large a circumstance, and verie few but would exclaime it were plaine slauerie to write such and so many seuerall conceptes from the mouthes of the speakers. Yet such was their desire to publish these mens deserts, and the delight they tooke to see the increase spring of the seedes of vertue, for they would not take the smallest recreation, till euery one of the nine had fully finished their discourses, and therefore they attended when the last would breath the secrets of his breast.

This was a Printice as the rest, and a Grocer, sometime dwelling in Cornehill, his face was not effeminate, or his parts of a slender or weake constitution, but by his lookes

he seemed couragious, and in the height, strength and faire proportion of his body, victorious. Thus being in al points armed like a champion, the verie aspect of his outwarde abite, made semblance both of manhood and curtesie, wisedome and valour, knit in such a simpathie of operation, that he seemed as much to bee loued for peace, as praysed for prowes: and thus with a voyce neyther too meane like a child, nor too big like a gyant, but indifferent betwixt both, he spake as followeth.

Henry *Maleueret* Grocer, surnamed *Henrie of Cornhill.*

A Precious cause hath still a rare effect,
And deedes are greatest when the daunger s most,
It is no care that trauels dooth neglect,
Nor loue that hath respect to idle cost:
A Bramble neuer bringeth forth a Rose,
Where fields are fruitfull there the Lillie growes.

By this coniecture what may be the end,
Of his defensiue force that fought for Christ,
It is no common matter if we spend
Both life and goods in quarrell of the hiest:
The least desert dooth merit his reward,
And best employde should haue not worst regard.

No vaine presumption followes my deuise,
For of my actions t'is in vaine to boast,
Yet with the Pagans I encountred twise,
To winne againe faire Sion *that was lost:*
Vnto which warre I was not forst to go,
T'was honours fire that did incense me so.

For when the Iewes oppreſt with heathens pride,
Of Chriſtian princes craude ſome friendly ayd,
In euery Countrey they were flat denide
Saue that in England here their ſute preuailde:
Such was the furie of inteſtine ſtrife,
All Europe ſought to ſpoyle each others life.

And as in London there was order tane
To make prouiſion for the holy land,
My youthfull mind that fearde no forraine bane,
Was ſo admirde by might of conquering hand:
As for a ſingle combate they did ſee,
Th'ambaſſadours made ſpeciall choyſe of mee.

Then for the Tankerd I did vſe to beare
And other things belonging to mine art,
Mine hand did weeld Bellonas warlike ſpeare,
For I was armde in ſteele to play my part:
A long we went to beard our daring foes,
That ſoone were queld with terrour of our blowes.

I neuer left the field, nor ſlept ſecure,
Vntill I ſawe Hieruſalem regainde,
To watch and labour I did ſtill endure,
What iſt that diligence hath not obtainde?
Yet grudging enuie valour to deface
By treaſons malice brought me in diſgrace.

The good that I had done was cleane forgot,
Ingratitude preuailds againſt my life,
And nothing then but exile was my lot,
Or elſe abide the ſtroke of fatall knife:
For ſo the ruler of the Iewes concluded,
His Grace by falſe reports was much deluded.

There was no ſtrining in a forraine ſoyle,
I tooke it patient though t'were cauſeleſſe done,

And to auoyde the staine of such a foyle,
That slaunderous tongues had wickedly begunne,
Where to the holy well of Iacobs *name,*
I found a caue to shroude me from their blame.

And though my bodie were within their power,
Yet was my minde vntouched of their hate.
The valiant faint not, though that fortune lower,
Nor are they fearefull at controlling fate:
For in that water none could quench their thirst,
Except he ment to combate with me first.

By that occasion for my pleasures sake,
I gaue both Knights and Princes heauie strokes,
The proudest did presume a draught to take
Was sure to haue his passeport seald with knocks:
Thus liu'd I till my innocence was knowne,
And then returnde, the king was pensiue growne.

And for the wrong which he had offerd me,
He vowde me greater friendship than before,
My false accusers lost their libertie,
And next their liues, I could not chalenge more:
And thus with loue, with honour, and with fame,
I did returne to London *whence I came.*

THis valerous champion (hauing here made an end) bowed himselfe. Then Fame with her owne hand gently laid his head vpon a soft downy pillow wrought with gold, and set with pearle, and so leauing him and the rest to the happinesse of their swéete slæpe, commanded *Clio* to claspe vp the booke, wherein she had written the dædes of these nine Worthies, and as her leysure serued her, to publish it to the viewe of the world, that euery one might read their honourable actions, and take example by them to follow vertue, and aspire to honour, and the rather (quoth she) because I would haue malicious mindes that enuye at the

deserts

deserts of noble Citizens, by proofe of these mens worthinesse to repent their contempt, and amend their captious dispositions, seeing that from the beginning of the world, and in all places of the world, Citizens haue flourished and beene famous, as in Rome, *Cæsar*, in Athens, *Themistocles*, and in Carthage, *Hannibal*, with an infinite number more, that were by byrth Citizens, by nature martiall, and by industrie renowmed: and so they departed from Elisium: and within a while after, *Clio* according to the charge was giuen her, sent forth this pamphlet of her Poems.

FINIS.